. 13. {Whole No. 65.} *Price, 10 Cents. Per Annum, $3.00.* Vol. III.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

Subject: Christ, the Deliverer.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NEW-YORK:
J. B. FORD & CO., No. 39 PARK ROW.

1869

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS FOR THE TRADE.
European Agents, SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet Street, London.
Sold by all Carriers and News Dealers.

Brooklyn, January, 1869.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.:

Gentlemen: Mr. T. J. Ellinwood has been the reporter of my sermons for some ten years; and he is the only authorized reporter of them. The sermons which you are printing, week by week, from his hand, are published by you alone, and are the only ones which go before the public with my consent.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

THIS publication began with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Church services for the year. Each *Volume* will contain twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. The first series is now issued in one large and handsome 8vo vol., extra cloth, Embellished with a new STEEL PORTRAIT of MR. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published, and a superb piece of engraving. Price, $3.00. *Sent post-paid, by mail, on receipt of price.*

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

I. The Duty of Using One's Life for Others. II. The God of Comfort. III. The Nobility of Confession. IV. Self-Control Possible to All. V. Pilate, and his Modern Imitators. VI. The Strong to Bear with the Weak. VII. Growth in the Knowledge of God. VIII. Contentment in all Things. IX. Abhorrence of Evil. X. Privileges of the Christian. XI. The Love of Money. XII. Divine Influence on the Human Soul. XIII. Moral Affinity, the True Ground of Unity. XIV. The Value of Deep Feelings. XV. Works Meet for Repentance. XVI. Malign Spiritual Influences. XVII. The Old and the New. XVIII. The Hidden Christ. XIX. Well-Wishing not Well-Doing. XX. Sphere of the Christian Minister. XXI. Suffering, the Measure of Worth. XXII. The Victory of Hope in Sorrow. XXIII. The Crime of Degrading Men. XXIV. Self-Conceit in Morals. XXV. Morality, the Basis of Piety. XXVI. The Trinity. XXVII. The Family, as an American Institution

NOTICE.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT is the *only regular publication of* MR. BEECHER'S *current sermons*—the one indorsed by his approval as correct, and sanctioned by his authority; it is well printed on good paper, in book form—being *suitable for binding and preservation*, (the advertisements at the back being easily removed;) and it is *cheap*—within the reach of all. The publishers have responded to the constant demand for a continued insertion of the Prayers, as one of the most profitable features of MR. Beecher's ministrations, and the Scriptural lesson and hymns sung are also indicated, making a complete record of one service of Plymouth Church for each Sunday.

TERMS.—Single numbers, ten cents. Yearly subscription price, $3.00, giving two volumes of about 400 pages each. Half-yearly subscription price, $1.75. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

CLUB RATES, five copies for $12.00.

POSTAGE of PLYMOUTH PULPIT to subscribers in the United States is twenty cents per year, payable quarterly, in advance, at the Post-Office to which the pamphlet is sent; and on single copies to England it is *four cents*.

THE SUBJECTS OF VOLUME II. ARE:

I. THE WAY OF COMING TO CHRIST.
II. CONDUCT, THE INDEX OF FEELING.
III. THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.
IV. RETRIBUTION AND REFORMATION.
V. COUNTING THE COST.
VI. SCOPE AND FUNCTION OF A CHRISTIAN
VII. HUMAN IDEAS OF GOD. [LIFE.
VIII. THE GRACIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.
IX. EVILS OF ANXIOUS FORETHOUGHT.
X. THE BEAUTY OF MORAL QUALITIES.
XI. THE PROBLEM OF JOY AND SUFFERING IN LIFE.
XII. THE APOSTOLIC THEORY OF PREACHING.
XIII. THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF GIVING PLEASURE.
XIV. THE PERFECT MANHOOD.
XV. DISSIMULATING LOVE.
XVI. THE DOOR.
XVII. MORAL THEORY OF CIVIL LIBERTY.
XVIII. PEACEABLENESS.
XIX. SOUL-DRIFTING.
XX. THE HIDDEN LIFE.
XXI. DISCOURAGEMENTS AND COMFORTS IN CHRISTIAN LIFE.
XXII. HINDRANCES TO CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.
XXIII. LOVING AND HATING.
XXIV. AUTHORITY OF RIGHT OVER WRONG.
XXV. THE POWER OF LOVE.
XXVI. THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

ANY BACK NUMBERS CAN BE FURNISHED.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by J. B. FORD & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

THE GEM-BOOK OF THE SEASON.

HAD it been the design of Divine Providence that the Gospels should be wrought up like a poem for literary and artistic effect, surely the narrative of the angelic appearances would have glowed in all the colors of an Oriental morning. They are, indeed, to those who have an eye to discern, a wonderful and exquisitely tinted prelude to the dawn of a glorious day. It is not to be supposed that the earth and its dull inhabitants knew what was approaching. But heavenly spirits knew it. There was move-

---

SPECIMEN PAGE

FROM MR. BEECHER'S CHRISTMAS BOOK.

FOR PARTICULARS CONCERNING WHICH, SEE THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW WORKS BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

TO BE ISSUED DECEMBER 15th:

I. THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS.

Illustrated by HARRY FENN. 12mo. Tinted paper, extra cloth gilt. Price, $3.

This exquisite Holiday Gift Book is a chapter from Mr. BEECHER's great work, the "LIFE OF JESUS THE CHRIST.' It is a series of pictures, in the author's happiest style, of the angelic appearances—to the High Priest, Zacharias; to Mary, Mother of Jesus; to the Shepherds, in the fields, etc.—giving a beautiful and characteristically interesting treatment of all the events recorded in the Gospels as occurring about that period. The charming style in which the book is written, the poetic imagery and beauty of sentiment with which it abounds, the delicate and tender treatment of Mary's experience of motherhood, the vivid pictures of the manners and customs of the Orient in that day—indeed, all its parts and features are characterized by the peculiar freshness and originality which Mr. BEECHER brings to whatever subject he touches. It is essentially a Christmas book, and one which, from the universal desire of the public to know something of Mr. BEECHER'S forthcoming volume, will be eagerly sought.

The artistic fancy and graceful pencil of Mr. FENN have produced some rare effects.

II. BEECHER'S SERMONS: Second Series.

March to September, 1869.

Illustrated with a large and effective engraving, giving a fine view of the Interior of Plymouth Church. 8vo. 451 pp., extra cloth Price, $2.50.

ALSO READY,

BEECHER'S SERMONS: First Series:

September, 1868, to March, 1869.

Embellished with a new Steel Portrait of Mr. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published, and a superb piece of engraving. 8vo. 438 pp., extra cloth. Price, $2.50.

Mr. BEECHER'S discourses need no new commendation. Their freshness and originality of method in presenting the old familiar truths, their felicity of illustration, their aptness, skill, and impressiveness, make them interesting to readers of every class and denomination.

The two volumes above mentioned, containing Mr. ELLINWOOD'S masterly and complete phonographic reports, are portions of a course, one of which is to be issued every six months.

III. LECTURE-ROOM TALKS. A Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of Christian Experience.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Phonographically reported by T. J. ELLINWOOD. With new Steel Portrait. 12mo, extra cloth. Price, $1.75.

These "Talks" are the well-known and delightful expositions of Scripture and extempore remarks made at prayer-meetings, and on similar occasions, in the familiar and free intercourse of Mr. BEECHER with his own people.

For Sale by all Booksellers,
Or, mailed post-paid on receipt of Price, by

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CHRIST, THE DELIVERER.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. vii. 24, 25.

When one has wandered a night and a day in the wilderness, is discouraged, is on the point of giving up the struggle for rescue, and he sees, suddenly, the gleam of a light—he knows that the road is near, and a dwelling house. He exclaims, "Thank God! I am saved." And yet, he does not stop to point out all the particulars which led to that exclamation.

In this wise I interpret this abrupt note of victory. It is not a statement so much as a cry of joy; not an explanation, but a triumph. Further on, Paul reasons; but here he exults. God in Jesus Christ is the consummation of that profound mystery of human life, which all men in all ages have observed.

Rising above all competitors, we find man standing at the head of earthly tribes by his complexity; by his power in variety and harmony. He is not so strong, to be sure, as the lion; and yet he can exert greater physical power, because he has the control of all nature. He is not so swift as the deer; and yet can produce and control a speed far beyond his. He is not so patient and enduring as the ox, nor so sharp-eyed as the eagle. In any single *physical* quality man finds some superior in the races of animals; and yet, in every such instance, that which is lacking in special organ and function is made up in the final results which are wrought, even in material things, by his reason—by his control of natural law. To man only is it given to clothe himself with all the powers of creation. The sun is his minister. The winds and the waters are his servants. The earth, as a granary in which ages have stored up treasures, opens to his key. While he is, in special organs, inferior to one and another of the animals, he is collectively, and by his relations, through reason, with nature, by far the superior of every one, and reaches, through his faculties, a preëminence in those very respects in which he falls below the animals in single

SUNDAY MORNING, Dec. 5, 1869. LESSON: ROM. vii. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection) Nos. 199, 243, 268.

organs. And yet, large as he is, transcending every other creature that we know of, man is not happy—not in any proportion to his nature, and to the hints and foregleams which that nature gives. The history of the race is a sad one. Man knows more of everything else than of himself. He can manage the physical globe far better than he can his own body.

The first grand fact, then, that meets the student, is the system of elaborate physical forces given to man as a creature living upon the material globe. He has, in being clothed with flesh, all the points of contact with the physical world that the ox or the falcon has. He is born; in his early days he feeds like a plant; he grows up with all the instincts and passions of animal life. Without such passions and such appetites he could not maintain his foothold upon the earth. All the very passions against which we strive through life are admirable, and divinely created. No account can be given, of the divine wisdom and benevolence in the construction of men, which leaves out those very propensities which are continually destroying our peace, and against which we arm our virtue. The reason of their mischief lies in their relative power, or in their predominance over other elements of our being.

For, now, the next grand fact which we observe, is the existence of supra-animal elements also in man. He is not an animal alone and only. He is a creature of affections, which, in variety, compass and force, leave the lower creation in a vivid contrast. He is a creature endowed with a reason of many parts, and with an imagination which recreates in beauty whatever it looks upon. He is a creature of moral sentiment and of spiritual life—that is, a life which deals with invisible qualities and supra-sensuous realities.

These additions to man's physical economy are distinctive and pre-eminent. In them lies the value of human life. Not in the things in which he agrees with the animal is man precious, but in those things which grow up after that, and rise above it—his affections, his sentiments, his will, his reason.

The next fact which we observe is, that men have learned but very imperfectly, and as a race have not at all learned, how to carry themselves so that every part of their nature shall have fair play. Regarding man as a race, the animal propensities and the passions are always predominent. Looking at the world collectively, the force of human life is at the base. The energy, the continuity, the prodigious facility of the appetites and the passions carries them beyond their true animal function, and makes them a disturbing and antagonistic force among the gentler and nobler faculties of the human soul.

Here, then, begins the conflict that is waged with some degree of

power, I hope, in all, between man's *physical life*, as represented by his appetites and passions, and his *moral life*, including his social affections and his moral and spiritual part. This is the strife which has been going on in some degree in better natures since the world began—the strife of gentleness, and of purity, and of joy, and of peace, and of faith, against selfishness, and pride, and appetites of various kinds.

To all souls that have been raised to their true life, and that begin to bring forth a manhood of moral qualities, the struggle has been always severe, continued, and often piteous in the extreme. A man who can read the seventh of Romans, which I read in your hearing this morning, without a sigh, or a tear, or any sign or thought that it represents any part of his experience, must be very high or very low in human life. To have the power over our whole organization without a despotism of our animal and selfish nature—this is the very problem of practical life. How can I maintain the fulness of every part, and yet have harmony and relative subordination, so that the appetites shall serve the body, and the affections not be darkened nor dragged down by the appetites; so that the moral sentiments and the reason shall shine clear and beautiful? This is that which every man proposes to himself, in some dark and obscure way.

There is a thread running through all ages, connecting men of all races, appearing in all religions, in all philosophies, and in the experience of single men reared in the most diverse views. It marks the line of conflict between the body and the soul. The world has not been able to harmonize nature within man, to keep each part in its place, and to keep down the animal force from insurrection and despotism. And there is one long plaint and wail coming up from the hearts of good men from the beginning of history—*The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now.*

This being the philosophy, or rather statement of facts in regard to to the causes of that disturbance and perpetual conflict which is going on, what remedies have been proposed and suggested?

To give way, in the first place, to that which is strongest, and to live for animal joy, has been one special method of settling the conflict. Kill the higher feelings, let them die, and then let the lower ones romp and riot like animals in a field—this gives a brilliant opening to life, if a man feels that he may give a loose rein to his animal passions; but it gives a dismal close to it. It may make youth sparkle, but it will make old age dreary. For what is more hideous than a sullen old man burnt out with evil?

When I see men suppressing all qualms, ridding themselves of all struggles, and with joyous health, with alacrity and alertness, with gaiety, and with sparkle, going into the full enjoyment of sensuous life, I think

of a party entering the Mammoth Cave with candles enough, if sparingly used, to carry them forward and bring them back, but setting them all on fire at once, not heeding the warning of the guide, dancing and wandering on till they are many and many a mile from the mouth of the Cave, when one light after another begins to flicker, and burn low, and go out. Now, alarmed, they with haste turn back. One candle burns out, and then another. A dim twilight begins to surround them; and then darkness comes on. Yet they are miles from the exit. They grope about with outcries to each other. Some, wandering wide, plunge down chasms. Some give up, and lie down in despair.

The world is a cave. They that burn out all their powers and passions in the beginning of life, when youth enjoys, at last wander in great darkness, far from the exit, and lie down, one here and another there, to mourn and die. And the best prescription that men of pleasure have been able to give to cure this conflict between the animal and the divine in man, is, *Eat, drink, for to-morrow ye die!*

Another remedy has been in superstition. Men have sought to cover this conflict, rather than to heal it. This is the way of superstition. It deprecates results. It does not know how to change causes. It persuades men that by some superficial offerings, by some attainments, by some sacrifices of one kind or another, by some placation of the gods, a man's conflicts resulting from sin shall all be set right. Superstition neither mends nor strengthens what is good, nor weakens what is harmful, nor brings real peace, though it may banish sharp alarm

Others have compromised. They have lowered the demands of moral sense. They have yielded, in no inconsiderable degree, to their selfish nature. They have sought to bring down the top, and to bring up the bottom. *Morality* is usually the name which is given to this compromise. Not that morality is a thing to be despised, and injurious; but simple morality, which is an average of man's conduct with the customs and laws of the time in which he lives, is an empirical remedy, and comes nowhere near touching that radical and fundamental conflict which there is between the body and the soul—the flesh and the spirit.

Then comes philosophy, and deals with it in two ways. It propounds to men maxims and wise rules. It expounds the benefit of good conduct, and the evils of bad conduct. And then it proposes certain rules of doing what we cannot help, and of suffering what we cannot throw off. And it is all very well. So is rose-water very good, and cologne water, where a man is wounded unto death. They are not less fragrant because they are not remedial; but if they be regarded as remedies, how poor are they! And philosophy is good;

but it is not good to cure that fundamental conflict that is waged in every man's nature.

Then comes scientific empiricism, and prescribes diet, and exercise, and regularity, and the observance of natural laws, and proper occupations; all of which are good and excellent, and all of which ought to follow in the train of piety. Much good is there in these prescriptions, as collaterals and auxiliaries; but how many men in life know these laws? How many men are so placed that if they did know them, they would be able to use them? Whose rising in the morning is at his own control? Nine parts in ten of men are controlled in their outgoing and incoming by the inexorable law of business. Other men's interests, or your pockets, determine what you shall eat and what you shall drink. Not they alone most need these things who live in comfort, but the myriad poor. And to the masses of mankind what has philosophy to say? And if it says anything, how many of them are able to know what is wise or just? And if they know it, how many have power to hold themselves to what they do know? If there is no remedy for mankind but what philosophy brings, there is none. You might as well take a babe of days, and place a medicine chest before it, and say, "Rise, and select the right medicine, and you shall live," as to place philosophy before the masses of men, and tell them to appropriate it. It is mockery.

What, then, is the final remedy? What does Christianity offer in this case? Here is this multiform creature, man, built on a common basis, with human appetites and passions, whose misery comes from that fundamental strife which is always going on between the body and the soul, which are at odds and oppositions, and will not be reconciled to each other.

And what does Christianity undertake to do? It undertakes to bring to man a higher power than his own, and apply it on that side of his mind where it seems beneficial. It undertakes to so bring God directly and personally within the reach of every being in the world; that he shall exert a controlling power on the spiritual and intellectual realms of man's nature, and, by giving power to it, overbalance and overbear the despotism of the radical passions and appetites.

Or, more distinctly, there is made a representation of God in Christ which brings him within the line of the ordinary understanding. That very thing which many men seem to despise and shred off, I cling to, in the revelation of Christ's divinity. Many say that the idea of God, the Supreme, the Infinite, the Ineffable, being reduced to the compass of the flesh, sleeping, being weary, and wearing the infirmities of the human body, is inconsistent with the true conception of God. Yes, it is inconsistent with the God of a poem, or a philosophy. But for a man

that is crushed, for a man that is dying for want of help, the idea of a God that is willing to come down to him, and take his likeness, and put himself in his place that he may rescue him, is blessed.

Who are they that men most esteem as manly? There is a story of a missionary—a Moravian—who was sent out to the West Indian Islands to preach the Gospel to the slaves; but he found that they were driven so hard, that they went forth so early, and came back so late, and were so spent, that they could not hear. At night they came from their toil to gnaw their crust, and roll in on their straw, and snore through their brief hours of repose; and the bell and the whip brought them out again by light in the morning, to go to the field; and he saw that he could not reach them. He was a white man, and they were black. It was the white man that oppressed them. There was nobody to preach to them unless he could accompany them in their labor. So he went and sold himself to their master, who put him in the gang with them. For the privilege of going out with these slaves, and making them feel that he loved them, and would benefit them, he worked with them, and suffered with them; and while they worked, he taught; and as they came back, he taught; and he won their ear; and the grace of God sprang up in many of these darkened hearts. He bowed himself to their condition, and took upon him their bondage, in order that he might show his sympathy and love for them.

Tell me, is not that the very epitome of what Christ did, who, in order that he might reach the poor and needy, and bring the power of the truth to bear on their understandings, and mitigate their sufferings, and rescue them, and empower their moral nature against their animal nature, "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"? That is the story over again of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the story of the Lord Jesus Christ is *God manifest in the flesh.*

Now, if you are searching for a God that shall be radiant in heaven, where everybody is happy, and everything is symmetric and ideally perfect, take you the God of your conception, and go live among my fellow men, and see their tears, and hear their groans. It is for me to look at men's struggles. It is for me to see men that are dropping down as men slide down a cliff, clutching at what shall hold them up. It is for me to listen to men that are in prison, to the sick, and to the dying. It is for me to say, "Where is there help for those who are in misery, and whose struggle is going the wrong way? And I behold the Lord Jesus Christ standing in the midst of men, and saying, "Come unto me. Take my yoke upon you. My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Ye shall find rest for your souls." *God saving men*

can never be defined in any other way than by saying "Christ!" This representation of God as a patient Teacher, a personal Friend, and the Mediator of sin, supremely good and beautiful in himself, and in instant and intense sympathy with every soul that will open to him, is the representation which we need for our soul's distress. An order and an economy, by which this whole power of God shall be brought within the conditions of our understanding, may be personally and perpetually ours. That by which the greatness of God's nature acts upon our spiritual nature, and gives it tone and power, is, on the last analysis, it seems to me, the philosophy of the action upon the soul of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is God made personal to you and me.

Do not you know how many things you can do under personal influence that you cannot in any other way? My father said to me, when I was a little boy, "Henry, take these letters and go down to the Post-Office with them." I was a brave boy; and yet I had imagination. And thousands of people are not as cowardly as you think. Persons with quick imaginations, and quick sensibility, people the heavens and the earth, so that there are a thousand things in them that harder men do not think of and understand. I saw behind every thicket some shadowy form; and I heard trees say strange and weird things; and in the dark concave above I could hear flitting spirits. All the heaven was populous to me, and the earth was full of I know not what strange sights. These things wrought my system to a wonderful tension. When I went pit-a-pat along the road in the dark, I was brave enough; and if it had been anything that I could have seen, if it had been anything that I could have fought, it would have given me great relief; but it was not. It was only a vague, outlying fear. I knew not what it was. When father said to me, "Go," I went—for I was obedient. I took my old felt hat, and stepped out of the door; and Charles Smith (a great thick-lipped black man, who worked on the farm, and who was always doing kind things) said to me, "Look here, I will go with you." Oh! sweeter music never came out of any instrument than that. The heaven was just as full, and the earth was just as full as before; but now I had somebody to go with me. It was not that I thought he was going to fight for me. I did not think there was going to be any need of fighting, but I had somebody to lean on; somebody to care for me; somebody to help and succor me. Let anything be done by direction, let anything be done by thought or rule, and how different it is from its being done by personal inspiration!

"Ah! are the Zebedees, then, so poor? John, take a quarter of beef and carry it down, with my compliments. No, stop; fill up that chest, put in those cordials, lay them on the cart, and bring it round, and I will drive down myself." Down I go; and on entering the

house I hold out both hands, and say, "Why, my old friend, I am glad I found you out. I understand the world has gone hard with you. I came down to say that there is nothing between you and me. We are on good terms, just as we always were. You have one friend, at any rate. Now do not be discouraged; keep up a good heart. I have brought you down a few articles for your comfort." And I empty all the things, and I see tears beating in his eyes, like rain on a pane of glass in summer; and I go away as soon as I can—for, hard as ingratitude is to bear, it is not so hard to bear as gratitude. And when I am gone, the man wipes his eyes, and says, "I did not know where I should feed my children, and I am thankful for the meat and the other things; but God knows that that man's shaking my hands gave me more joy than all that he brought. It was *him* that I wanted." I tell you, when men are in trouble, it is the human soul that cures and feeds. It is one soul lying against another.

This was epitomized by the old prophet, when he went into the house where the widow's son lay as one dead, and put his hands on the child's hands, and stretched himself across the child's body, and the spirit of life came back. Oh! if, when men are in trouble, there were some man to measure his whole stature against them, and give them the warmth of his sympathy, how many would be saved!

Now, it is just that which God in Christ Jesus does. He comes down to this world, and says, "You are all in this mortal conflict. You have all sinned, and are sinning. And you do not know the way by which you can get back. But I have found it." What is the way? "*I*, your loving God, *I*, your atoning Saviour, am that way. Love me, and let me walk with you all the time, and I will see that you have a perpetual consciousness of such a power as will give advantage to the upper side, and not to the lower side any more." That is the philosophy of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ—a great soul come down to take care of little souls; a great heart beating its warm blood into our little pinched hearts, that do not know how to get blood enough for themselves; a great nature, with the experience of ages, and with the infinite love of the effulging God, that comes down and says to every poor creature, "My arms are open. Come. Cannot you walk? Let me take you up by my own strength, and I will carry you. Love me, and let me love you, and I will save you."

That is Christ loving the human soul. Tell me if there is any better way than that. Tell me if that is not the very way that philosophy has found out. It is this sympathy with men, and this willingness to suffer for them, and bear their burdens, and carry their sins, that cleanses a man's soul. It is the impact on him of God's nature, it is the opening of the soul of God, so that the divine influence flows right

in on him. It is this that gives my upper nature strength, and hope, and elasticity, and victory.

With this exposition, let me make a few points of application.

1. You understand what I mean when I speak of the *depravity* of man. There has been so much mistake, and so much controversy, about it, that I seldom use that term. Not that I do not believe that to be true which wise men have thought who have hitherto used it; but I think it to be infelicitous, and therefore choose to speak of men's *sinfulness* rather than their depravity. I am inclined to let the old war terms die out, and take the new and better ones.

What, then, is a man's depravity? When you say that an army is destroyed, what do you mean? Not that everybody in it is killed; but that, as an army, its complex organization is broken up and scattered. When I say that an organ is utterly spoiled, what do I mean? What would spoil an orchestra? Cutting off every man's head, or smashing every one of the instruments? Yes, that would do it. But it can be done a great deal easier than that. Put every single instrument at discord with its fellows, and is not the orchestra spoiled as effectually as it can be? What spoils a watch? Do you need to put it on a stone and grind it to powder, in order to spoil it? Take out the mainspring. "Well," says a man, "The mainspring is gone to be sure; but it is not all spoiled. It is good as far as it goes, is it not?" How far does a watch go that has no mainspring? "Well, the pointers are not useless." Perhaps not for another watch; but what are they good for in a watch that has no mainspring? "There are a great many wheels inside that are not injured." Yes, but what are wheels worth in a watch that has no mainspring? A watch is an organized thing, which requires for its value that every part should be in perfect harmony with every other part. If anything happens to it which prevents all the parts working together harmoniously, it is spoiled. What spoils a compass? Anything which unfits it for doing what it was intended to do. Do you say, "It is good to make some other useful thing of?" That may be; but is it good for anything as a compass?

Now, here is this complex organization, the body, with its various appetites. This body has grafted upon it the bud and blossom of the social affections. Still higher branches open out, of spiritual sentiments, that take hold of the invisible, the ineffable and the divine. Here is reason. Here is faith acting through the imagination. And these royalties of the soul are all mixed up. Where conscience ought to be, is pride. Where love ought to be, is selfishness. Where there ought to be the sweet blossoms of the higher sentiments, there are the gnawing insects and coiling serpents of the passions. And the soul is all stirred up. Its sympathy and harmony are gone. And is it not

ruined? It is not necessary that a man should be all bad to be ruined. No man is bad in everything. Thank God, all men are restrained in various ways, and every man has some virtues and excellences. There are few men who have not some truth, some love, and certain elements of faith. But how many men are there who have a harmonious inward being? A man's moral sentiments ought to be strongest and highest, his social affections ought to be intermediate, and his animal passions ought to be subordinate and entirely obedient. If they are so, he has a beautifully organized and harmonious being. But how few there are that come anywhere near these conditions of organization!

Man is depraved. He has lost that harmony which belongs to a perfect organization. And so he lives to struggle. And the struggle through which he is passing is the cause of human woe, and sorrow. It is that which has drenched this world in tears, and rolled it in blood, and darkened the heavens, and made the history of the past hideous, and the prospect of the future gloomy.

2. We see, based upon the doctrine of man's sinfulness in his unregenerate state, why it is that the divinity of Christ becomes so important in the development of a truly Christian life. It is said that there are many persons who do not believe in the divinity of Christ, but who nevertheless are living Christian lives. Yes, it is true, *in Christian communities*, but not out of them. In Christian communities there are so many churches, and so many thousands of men who do believe in the divinity of Christ, that they throw around about them a reflected light of this truth. A man growing up in that reflected light may go a great way up in the Christian life. But go into a community where there is no such reflected light, and see if you will find men that are thus lifted up.

What we want is not more knowledge. Influence is what we want. The apostle says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation." It is power that we want. I do not care for this as a technical question. I do not care for it as a theological question. I am so far from the binding sympathy of the schools, that it would cost me nothing, in a purely philosophical point of view, to take one or another ground on any doctrinal question. But as a living man, having had the experience of my own soul, and having been conversant with the experiences of others, what I want is power. And that is what they lack who deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their trouble is weakness. They are elegant, but they are soft. They are refined, but they are inefficient. They may in a thousand philanthropies be efficient; but show me a man who does not believe in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I will show you a man who can-

not take direct hold of the conscience or the soul of a man, and shake him with the power of the judgment to come. I would not preach as a moralist, having preached, so long, as a firm believer in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. For this latter is the teaching of man's utter wreck and ruin, and of the power of love in the Lord Jesus Christ, that takes hold of the imagination, dominates the reason, and goes clear down into the dungeon-depths of a man's passions. God can cleanse the heart. Man cannot. And that God whom we can understand is the God that walked in Jerusalem, that suffered upon Calvary, and that lives again, having lifted himself up into eternal spheres of power, that he might bring many sons and daughters home to Zion.

Whatever, then, obscures this personal divinity in Christ Jesus, whatever keeps it away from a man, is just so far a practical heresy. It may be done by denying technically the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ; but it is done otherwise. It is sometimes done doctrinally. It is done, oftentimes, by abstractions, instead of personalities. What a man needs is a divine Friend, present with him, loving him, helping him, and pouring the actual tide of soul-influence in upon him; and anything that takes that away, takes away substantially the divinity and power which there is in Christ.

We see, therefore, the mistake of substituting plans and doctrines and abstractions of government for the personal and living Saviour.

I have received many, many kind letters, well-intentioned, from persons who, while they thought my preaching was edifying to those that were already Christians, did not believe it was exactly the right kind of preaching for those who had not begun to be Christians. And they complained especially because I said so little about the *blood of Christ*, and so little about the *atonement of Christ*, and so little about a *plan of salvation*, and so little about the *cross*.

Now, look back at all these historical phrases. I recognize that once they not only were living terms, but had a distinct relation and benefit in the use of the people by whom they were first employed. I can understand how to the Jews, brought up as they were, "atonement," "sacrifice," and "blood" might have come home with fresh and vivid meaning. But you have never seen a bullock killed for sacrifice; you live two thousand years from anything of the sort; and yet you are keeping up the terms of sacrifice and slaughter. And I hold that while we may use these terms reverently, because they are Scriptural, and have a certain artificially sacred association connected with them, it is far better to take the living God, and bring him, by the language which is given us *to-day*, to the bosom and heart and confidence of men.

Tell me, have I failed to preach a living Christ? Tell me, have I failed to preach a Christ burning with sympathy for sinful men? Tell

me, have I failed to show men, dying in their sins, that there was a love of God that could put its arms about them, and cleanse them, and lift them up into its own felicity, if they were willing? Have I been faithless to this? Then God forgive me! for all my ministry has been empty. But to me the heaven has been one magnificent procession of divinities. To me Christ has been all in all, Alpha and Omega, beginning and end, ever-present, and ever-living. I have, to be sure, not preached a *system* of revelations. I have not used the abstract term *plan of salvation*. I have not talked about *the atonement*. I have not undertaken to sound abstract doctrines in your ears. I have done better than that; and I call God to witness that it is better. I have preached a living Jesus, as a Brother, a Friend, a Saviour, an ever-loving God; and this is better than preaching any of these abstractions. It is better than preaching any of the old symbolic forms of Scripture, and especially better than preaching those dogmas that have been constructed by philosophy in modern times or mediæval days. I hold that the true preaching is to make every man feel that God has had compassion on him; that God, instead of being afar off, is near; that he is powerful; that in the struggle which men are waging with pride and selfishness, with the appetites and passions, they are not alone; that not only are the heavenly hosts spectators, but chiefly He is a spectator who died for them, and ever intercedes for them.

I have preached this. It is right preaching. If there was more of it, theology would not be so dead, and churches would not be so thin. It is because preaching is usually doctrinal and abstract that it does not touch men, and that they do not want it. What man wants who is striving with an infirmity, is to be told, "God does not hate you. He feels for you. He has shown it in that he has suffered for you. And as he did once in Jerusalem, so will he do again. It is the essential, inherent, eternal nature of God, to give himself for the rescue of those who are poor."

Man is low down. His guiding light blazes yonder. With every step upward he is coming nearer and nearer to himself, because he is coming nearer to his God. One man is tempted with lust; another with pride; another with avarice; another with a domineering ambition; another with an appetite for drunkenness and gluttony. Here come men, with these various experiences, and cluster before God. Is there any redemption for them. Is there any remedy for their troubles. Men hate them. Lust hisses at them. A rod of iron is wielded over them in the community. Men that do wrong very soon become discouraged and outcast. And they need help. The point of sympathy and succor in the whole universe is in the heart of the revealed God—in Jesus Christ.

A ship runs aground in a high wind. The men are beaten off. They are a mile from the shore. While one and another go down, some more stalwart arm buffets the waves. What with the wind and the waves and his own tugging endeavors, he reaches at last so near the shore that he can put his foot to the sand. At last, when he is almost spent, a wave leaves him, as it rolls out surging seaward, and he is on the land. And oh! if he could haste to secure his footing; but back it comes, roaring up to him, rushing around and beyond him, and swings him out again. Fainter, but with pluck to the last, he strives once more to come up on the beach, and maintains his foothold, and again the wave leaves him. But again it comes and sweeps him out. So it plays with him as a cat with a mouse, till by and by his strength is gone, and he collapses like the rags that are on him, and he, carried as the water wills, is drowned.

So I see men who have gone wrong striving to reform. I see men that have broken down the laws of health in their own bodies, men who by drink and gluttony and lust are consuming the marrow of their life, seeking to get on shore again, and escape. And they are almost saved, and would be quite, if it were not that temptations come rushing in, and sweep them off from their feet. Is there nobody to pity them? Are men like the solitary mariner on a desolate coast, whose whole strife is in the night, and who is without a spectator? No, *no!* God is doing something else besides brightening the sun and oiling the stars! God sits in heaven to love. There are secrets of God's providence, and wonder-working ways of God that will yet flame in blessed disclosure. God's loving heart is the source of that circulating blood which, going through all the globe, is restoring life, and helping men.

Are your father and mother dead? No. God is your Father and your Mother. Do you say, "Nobody cares for my soul!" The outstretched arms of Him that suffered are about you. There is a Christ who believes in men, thinks for men, longs for men, and strives for men. And there is no man that has gone so wrong but that, if he will, he may be clean, may be strong, and may be saved.

This Jesus Christ I preach to you. I do not believe any man will make an important victory over himself without this divine help. I do not believe any man will escape without a ransom. I do not believe any man who is whelmed in sin, and whose sin has bound him hand and foot, is going to be rescued, till the revelation of the glory of God in Christ Jesus has come into his soul.

Why, a sinful man is like the man in the castle, whose story amused our youth. His hands are bound. His feet are fettered. Thick walls, windows far up, heavy doors, many bolts, and jailors, make his escape impossible. So he only awaits the day of execution.

But as he sleeps, some night, a strange dream haunts him, of home. He thinks his mother has come to him. But, starting up, he sees that there stands beside him a beauteous form, who says to him, "Make haste! Lift your hands, that I may release them." And she takes off the chains. She has beheld him, and she knows his name, and love has brought her there. It is the castle-keeper's daughter. "Lift up your feet," she says, "that I may set them free." What he could not do for himself, love and mercy are doing for him. "Now, follow me silently." The guards are all put to sleep, or out of the way. The door is opened; he never could have opened it. The passageways are threaded; he never could have found his way through them. He feels again the midnight air beginning to lift his damp hair, long matted. He begins to breathe once more the atmosphere of liberty. And can language be found with which, under such circumstances, one would turn to his benefactor, though he had known her but in the hour of his release? Would he not be a monster whose heart did not leap out in thanksgiving at such a time?

You are such prisoners. Jesus is that mercy and that love. He has come down to your dungeon, and unlocked your chains, and inspired you with courage and strength, and opened the door, saying, "I am the way." Follow him; every step will make you stronger. Follow him; every step will take you farther from bondage and nearer to liberty. Follow him; every step will lead you toward your true manhood. Follow him; and soon you shall stand in Zion and before God.

Oh, ye weary! why are you weary when others rest? Oh, ye sick! why do you suffer when others are healed? Oh, starving and hungering! there is bread enough. Oh, dying! there is life for you. Oh, desponding and despairing! look up and rejoice. A great light has arisen to those that sit in the region and shadow of death. Come to Christ, who loves you, who is drawing you, and who has said to each one of you, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice, our Father, that we may feel our way to thee by the way of the cradle; by the way of home; by the way of father and mother. Not when we are lifted up where science carries us, and where reason leads us—not when we deal with these things alone, can we find thee out; but when our hearts are warm with love—that love which leads us to abase ourselves, to be weak for the sake of the weak, to walk with the lowly for the sake of the lowly; that love which denies itself, and counts self-denial a privilege; that love which watches and waits, and is long-suffering and kind. Then when we are in those blessed affections, thou tellest us to look up and call thee Father, and ourselves sons, and we shall understand both thee and our relations to thee. And so, in the realm of love, where thou sittest to-day, the universal Father, we seek thee, not coming as if we were thy sons in glory, infinitely removed, but full of ignorance, scarcely able to walk. We draw near to thee as little children; and not only as little children, but as fractious and disobedient children. We have not come simply because without thee we perish. There is something that longs for thee within us. There is the voice that will not be hushed. There is the soul that is sick without thee, and that is homesick without assurance of heaven. There is the memory of all thy past goodness. There is the memory of our own struggles upon which thou didst place the victory. There is the memory of our defeats, and of our dungeon darkness which thou didst visit. There is the memory of that peace which passeth all understanding, and which hath come to us. Even as the dove came and sat upon our Master, so upon us hath come the heavenly dove. We remember all thy dealings with us, all the mercies of thine open heart and thine outstretched hand; and we come again. As they that walk forth from the winter toward the summer, and remember again all the things that are coming, and all the sweet smell of the field, and all the unrolling leaves, and all the fragrance of the quick-coming flowers that are before them, though they have been hidden long; so when we turn toward thee from the winter and darkness of our earthly life, and we remember again what things have been; and thou seemest to us most glorious, not because thou art larger than the sun, and brighter, not because of the infiniteness that is in thee, but because of thy goodness, thy mercy, thy gentleness and thy tenderness. If thou hadst with sternness looked over all the way in which we have been living, if thou hadst been without care or sympathy for us, if thou hadst appointed the laws of nature to strike the transgressor, and to spare not, saying, The soul that sinneth it *shall* die, we had all perished long ago. For we have wandered about as drunken men. We have reeled to and fro as men storm-tossed. We have not been able to do good to ourselves. And thou, oh Lord God! hast been more kind to us than ever a nurse to the child that was sick—than ever the loving mother to the child that had gone wrong. Thou hast been better than any father ever knew how to be. We bring the glow-worm light of our love to our children; but what is that compared with the ages of thy enduring love, deeper than thought can sound, and wider than the understanding can reach? We are ourselves too selfish to know thee. We do not ourselves know enough love to talk in the language of heaven; and that which we have is too often so allied to things lower and baser, that it is adulterated love. We cannot understand our God because we are so far from him, and so unlike him. Yet that does not destroy us; for, as we care for our children long before they know us, as we care for them when sickness takes away their reason and judgment, so thou, looking upon the distemperature of our souls, and seeing all the misery that it threatens, art still patient with us; and thy heart is our nursery. There are we tended and cared for. Oh! that we but knew it. Oh! that we but knew the royalty that is around us. With what meanings would thy providence every day speak to us if our eye was only cleansed from all films, and our hearts from selfishness; if we could at times know that thou didst watch over us in sickness; if in the darkness of our delirium we could understand that thou art not far from us—not far from any one of us; not far from the most sinful; not far from the guiltiest and wickedest. If we but knew these things what hope of recovery would come to us! What joy of salvation! It is thy gentleness that shall save us. Oh Lord

Jesus! it is not the might nor the power of our own will; for the more sternly we stand up, the more brittle are we, and the more easily are we snapped before the breeze. It is thy love, it is thy patience, it is that power working in us—that holy and blessed Spirit of light and comfort. By thy mercy, by thy goodness, by thy gentleness we shall be saved.

And now we pray that every heart that has learned that sweet and blessed secret may turn to thee this morning with thanksgiving. And may every thought sing. May every feeling sing. May we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, to-day. May we look forward beyond the struggle. As even in battle men remember their home to which they hope victory soon shall bring them; so may we, when girded about with trial and temptation, remember the rest which remaineth for the people of God. It is not far off from many of us. Some are already reaching out the hand to open the door. Our crown—thou art holding it forth, if we but knew the shining thereof. May we remember that we are traveling as children in vacation homeward to our Father's house; and may we not therefore care for the weariness of the way, nor for the hindrances, nor for any deprivations. May we steadfastly live by foresight and faith of the joy to come.

But while we are living, may we yet help one another. May we bear one another's burdens. May we see to it that we do not sin by pride, nor by arrogance, nor by selfishness, nor by hardness of heart. May we seek, rather, to dwell evermore as thou dost in infinite love; in generosity of benevolence; in the full patience of God. And we pray that we may go about doing good, though we can go but in small circuits, even as thou didst in the round realm of earth and time.

And we beseech of thee, O Lord our God, that thou wilt have compassion upon all those for whom we should pray; those that are thralled; those that are ensnared; those that have fallen into the pit; those that are in great darkness and trouble and gloom and despondency; those who are sick; those whose prosperity has been overturned as by the wind from the desert; those who are strangers in a strange land; those who are filled with bitterness and self-condemnation; those that taste remorse; those that are neglected and outcast; those who are in prison, and who are appointed unto death; all that are wandering in poverty and abandonment; all that are steeped in ignorance, in vice and in crime.

O good Lord, what dost thou do? *Is* this world dear to thee? *Dost* thou love man? Our souls shake within us, and we are full of anguish when we look upon the face of man, and see how men betray; how men hate and devour; how full of wretchedness and sin the world is, that goes on repeating itself from generation to generation; how the voice of time is a wail; how all things are most sad to behold. And dost thou sit looking forevermore upon these things? O Lord, reveal the right hand of thy power. Come; for this desolate earth doth wait for thy coming, more than for the coming of summer. Come, oh thou that hast promised salvation, and lead forth thine hosts unto victory. Lift up thy banner that shall never be furled. Speak in that trumpet voice which shall overawe all other sounds. Come, thou that art the promised One, and fulfill all the promises which respect this earth. Bring in Jew and Gentile. Bring in all wandering and heathen nations. Bring in all the scattered and dispersed among our own people. Bring in all that are dying, and that cannot live except in thee.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit, evermore. *Amen.*

"I am delighted with the bold, manly tone of the ADVANCE."—*Hon. James A. Garfield.*

"I regard it as standing fairly on the highest ground yet reached by religious journals in America."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

"A paper we believe to be truly in advance of most others in its plain denunciations of evil, and its advocacy of all that is pure and lovely and of good report."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

"I read the ADVANCE regularly and with interest."—*Hon. Schuyler Colfax.*

"The ADVANCE is one of the ablest, best, and most outspoken religious journals published."—*Dr. Horace Bushnell.*

"An admirable paper."—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

—o—

A NATIONAL RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

THE ADVANCE.

AGGRESSIVE, UNSECTARIAN, CHARITABLE.

TERMS - $2.50 Per Annum. To Clergymen, $2.00.

To all persons who are not now subscribers to THE ADVANCE, THE ADVANCE and PLYMOUTH PULPIT will be sent one year for $3.75—the full price of the two periodicals being $5.50.

Two years ago the first number of THE ADVANCE was published. Its conspicuous success, in so short a time, has had no precedent. In twenty-four months it has attained a circulation and an influence rarely reached by many years of effort, and its repute has far outrun its circulation. From the first it has been received with marked cordiality by Christians of all evangelical creeds, and its large constituency now embraces every orthodox denomination.

THE ADVANCE, in common with several other papers of its class, is standing proof that Solemn Dullness and Heavy Mediocrity are not necessary characteristics of Religious Journalism, and that in avoiding these it is not needful to go to the opposite extreme of flippancy and sensationalism. It is courteous and charitable toward all; elevated and cheerful in tone; spirited, but not frivolous; readable and entertaining, but not flashy and insincere. It endeavors to discuss the living questions of the time in a spirit of perfect candor and fairness, and from a standpoint of complete independence. While in its various departments, it covers the whole field of human interests, it yet keeps the Religion of Christ uppermost and foremost; while not neglecting the affairs of this world, it does not forget that it has mainly to do with the infinite concerns of the Human Soul. Believing that Common Sense is a powerful ally of Christian truth, THE ADVANCE aims to bring that element to the front and make it do duty in every good cause.

The leading features of THE ADVANCE, which have given it distinctive character wherever known, will be continued and improved:

I. Its editorials discuss live subjects in a fearless and outspoken way, avoid profitless sectarian controversies, and maintain an attitude of investigation on all open subjects.

II. Its contributions cover a wide range of topics, and among its contributors are many of the soundest thinkers and ablest writers of the time, such as

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D.
Rev. Horace Bushnell, D.D.	Mrs. E. Cady Stanton,
Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.	Alice Cary,
Rev. T. K. Beecher,	Prof. E. Andrews, M.D.
Rev. J. P. Gulliver, D.D.	Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.
Rev. Arthur Mitchell,	Prof. S. C. Bartlett, D.D.
Rev. Joseph Haven, D. D.	Prest. F. Magoun, D.D.
George F. Root,	Hon. Amasa Walker,
Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D.D.	Mary E. Atkinson,
Mrs. S. E. Henshaw,	Frances A. Shaw,
Rev. H. Clay Trumbull,	Frances Cole,
"Grace Greenwood,"	Hon. Lyman Trumbull,
Rev. L. W. Bacon,	Mrs. Edward A. Walker.
Hon. Henry Wilson,	Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller,
Prest. J. H. Fairchild, D.D.	Mrs. Julia P. Ballard,
Miss S. J. Pritchard,	Nathan Sheppard,
Miss E. Stuart Phelps,	"Frances Lee,"
Rev. T. M. Post, D.D.	Lewis Tappan.

III. Aiming as it does to be a complete Religious Family Journal, THE ADVANCE has something in its columns for every member of the household. The Agricultural, Scientific and Literary departments are carefully and ably edited; the Children's page is particularly full and interesting; a department is regularly devoted to the Sunday School interest, and another to the Temperance Reform. Its department of Church News is full, varied, compact, and embraces every denomination.

IV. The Secular Department of THE ADVANCE, embracing editorials on the Political, Financial and Industrial questions of the time, full Market Reports and synopsis of current news, supplemented by occasional articles from such men as Senator Wilson, Hon. Amasa Walker, and Gen. James A. Garfield, really covers the ground of a first class secular paper.

V. Until further notice THE ADVANCE, by special arrangement with the publishers of *Plymouth Pulpit*, will contain abridgements of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's best current sermons. It also publishes, not regularly, but frequently, pleasantly written reports of Mr. Beecher's familiar talks in Plymouth Prayer Meeting.

VI. THE ADVANCE reaches almost all parts of the country, including New England, on Friday of publication week. Sample copies, containing a most varied and valuable premium list, will be sent free on application to

THE ADVANCE CO., Chicago.

THE NEW RELIGIOUS WEEKLY.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION,

An Unsectarian, Independent Journal, devoted to Religion, Morals, Reform, Foreign and Domestic news of the Church and the World, Literature, Science, Art, Agricluture, Trade, Finance, etc., etc.

And containg Household Stories, Choice Poems, Walks with the Children, etc., etc., embracing Contributions from

WELL-KNOWN AND EMINENT WRITERS.

Henry Ward Beecher,

WHOSE

POWERFUL EDITORIALS, LITERARY REVIEWS, and LECTURE-ROOM TALKS,

So richly freighted with Christian Experience,

Appear regularly in its columns, has undertaken the formation and guidance of the paper. With Mr. BEECHER as its

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

Aided by some of the best and most notable talent of the land,

the paper cannot but carry good, Christian food, for heart and soul, to its many increasing readers. That will be its constant endeavor.

Aiming to be a truly Christian Journal, and a complete *Family Newspaper*, and having for its purpose the presentation of

ESSENTIAL BIBLE TRUTH,

THE CHRISTIAN UNION will advocate, in the spirit of love and liberty, the fellowship and co-operation of Christ's people of every name. Recognizing the right and the necessity of different Church organizations as the natural result of the many-mindedness of mankind, it will endeavor to treat all Christian denominations with fairness and love, stating its own opinions with frankness but in kindness, and providing an arena for courteous debate not hedged in by sectarian boundaries. Without undervaluing doctrinal truth, it will chiefly strive to foster and enforce *Christianity as a Life*, rather than than a theological system. It is a Paper

FOR CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS!

ITS FORM: SIXTEEN PAGES, Large Quarto, Cut and Stitched, so convenient, both for use and preservation, as to be a great and special merit in its favor, apart from its superior literary attractions.

ITS CIRCULATION: Spreading with wonderful Rapidity, showing that the paper *supplies a real need* of the Christian public.

ITS PRICE:

Only $2.50 per Year.

Subscribe for it! Get others to take it!

Circulars sent upon application, containing List of liberal

Cash Commissions and Premiums for Subscriptions.

SAMPLE COPIES sent FREE to any address.

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

39 Park Row, New York.

Why Waltham Watches

ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Because, being made of the best materials, and every part being finished in the most perfect manner, they will run with great precision, and will not stop or run irregular, as is the case with other Watches.

We desire to increase the sale of these reliable time-pieces, and have reduced the prices much lower than formerly.

Silver Hunting Watches,	$18
Gold Hunting Watches (18-Carat Cases),	$80
Gold Hunting Watches (Ladies' size),	$70

Every Watch warranted by Special Certificate.

We send single Watches to any place by express, with the bill to collect on delivery, and we give the purchaser the privilege of opening the package and examining the Watch before paying, and if, after it is taken and paid for, it should not prove satisfactory, we will exchange it or

REFUND THE MONEY.

We have sent thousands of these Watches by express, and to every section of the country, and by our improved method of packing they will go safely any distance. Persons living in the distant States and Territories can save from 50 to 100 per cent. by buying from us.

Do not order a Watch till you have sent for our Descriptive Price-List. It explains the different kinds, gives weight and quality of the cases, with price of each.

When you write for a price-list, please say that you saw this in the PLYMOUTH PULPIT. Address, in full,

HOWARD & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

No. 619 Broadway, New York.

NOW READY:

BEECHER'S SERMONS.

First Series, 1838–9.

BEING VOL. I. COMPLETE,

OF

PLYMOUTH PULPIT,

THE ONLY AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION OF

Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons,

Containing admirable short-hand Reports of the Discourses, with the Prayers and indication of the Scriptural Lesson and Hymns sung, (Plymouth Collection.)

Illustrated with a New and Superb Steel Portrait of Mr. Beecher.

434 Pages, 8vo. Extra English Cloth, $2.50.

SENT FREE BY MAIL, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE TONART.

By EDWARD ROBERTS and JOHN P. MORGAN.

Price, $1.50, and by the dozen, $13.50.

In the language of those who have used this book: "*It is one of the finest of the season, if not the finest ever published.*"

Wherever and whenever examined, it has been triumphantly adopted. So confident are its publishers that *examination is adoption* by all Choirs and Teachers, that to ensure acquaintance with the book,

For 50 Cents only,

they will place a **single copy** in the hands of any teacher or chorister who applies for one.

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.,
459 Broome St., New York.

Who also publish the popular works of

J. B. WOODBURY,

The Cythara, The Thanksgiving and New Lute of Zion. Price **$1.50**, or **$13.50** per dozen.
The Dulcimer and Day Spring. Price **$1.34**, or **$12** per dozen,

Of which upwards of

HALF A MILLION COPIES

have been sold, and still the demand continues.

CRAFTSMEN'S

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
PARK BANK BUILDING,
214 & 216 Broadway, New York.

ISSUES ALL THE VARIOUS FORMS OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES.

PURELY MUTUAL, dividing ALL PROFITS to Policy Holders.
NO RESTRICTIONS upon residence, travel or occupation.
All Policies NON-FORFEITING by their terms.

SUCCESS OF THE COMPANY.

OCTOBER 1, 1869, CLOSE OF THE FIRST YEAR.	
Policies in force	1,219
Annual Premiums	$143,393 53
Assuring	$2,822,200 00

COMPARISON.

Average of fourteen of the most successful New York Companies, first year's business:

Policies in force	523
Premiums	$59,659 20
Assuring	$1,439,629 00

SECURITY TO POLICY HOLDERS.

In report of New York Insurance Department, *the Craftsmen's ranks as one of the four highest* of thirty-three Companies in "*the ratio of realized assets*," and in the Massachusetts report as "to *security*, furnished to *policy holders* by *assets*," LEADS ALL OTHER COMPANIES.

EDWARD A. LAMBERT, President.
HENRY BELDEN, Secretary.

OXFORD

PRAYER BOOKS,

With the Additional Hymns.

OXFORD BIBLES.

The Oxford University Press has recently issued various editions of the

PRAYER BOOK,

which fully sustain the reputation it has already acquired by the world-renowned

OXFORD BIBLES.

A large variety of **Oxford Bibles** and **Prayer Books** may now be seen at the Church Book Stores, or at the

Sole Agents for the U. S.,

THOS. NELSON & SONS,

52 Bleecker Street, New York.

NEW GIFT BOOKS.

The Mysteries of the Ocean.

By ARTHUR MANGIN. With one hundred and Thirty Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. Full gilt side and gilt edges. Price $6, or in Turkey Extra Antique, $10.

"Science walks to-day in her silver slippers. We have here another sumptuous book of popular science. It is an account, complete in extent and tolerably full in detail, of the sea, from a cosmical, geological, geographical, zoological, and botanical point of view, besides a number of miscellaneous articles about the relations of man. It is eminently readable. . . . The illustrations are altogether excellent."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A worthy companion to '*The Bird*' of Michelet, and of equal excellence as regards the engravings, which are numerous and of the highest merit. M. Mangin has produced a deeply interesting volume, giving us a vast amount of information concerning the wonders that are found in ocean depths, and by the wild seashores of many lands."—*The Art Journal.*

The Desert World.

By ARTHUR MANGIN Edited and Enlarged by the Translator of "The Bird" by MICHELET. With One Hundred and Sixty Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. Full gilt side and gilt edges. Price $8, or Turkey Extra Antique $12.

"These superb gift-books—'*The Desert World*' and '*The Mysteries of the Ocean*'—are edited and enlarged by the translator of '*The Bird*,' which we noticed with high commendation last year. The drawings on wood, with which each volume is profusely ornamented, are of the very best quality. In binding, paper, and printing, the volumes are superb; and their cheapness, considering their size and style is marvellous."—*The Scotsman.*

The Bird.

By JULES MICHELET. Illustrated by Two Hundred and Ten exquisite Engravings by GIACOMELLI. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth and gold. Price $6, or in Turkey Extra Antique, $10.

"If this book could go into every family in the land, into every school, and be read or studied, what an antidote would its tenderness of feeling, its healthy sentiment, its lofty thought prove to the belittling influence of much of our most popular literature."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"The book itself is a strange delightful compound of science, sentiment, and poetry. Nothing can be more fascinating than this dithyrambic in honor of the bird, with so much sound knowledge and sense blending in the rhapsody."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"One of the most charming books we have lately received—certainly a book worthy of perusal, and no less worthy of meditation."—*Illustrated London News.*

THOS. NELSON & SONS,
52 Bleecker St., N. Y.

VICK'S
Floral Guide for 1870.

The First Edition of One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Copies of **Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide,** is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful COLORED PLATE—consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine

BOUQUET OF PHLOXES.

It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the

Culture of Flowers and Vegetables.

The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for Ten Cents, which is not half the cost. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

Now Ready!

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS,

BEING THE STORY OF

OUR LORD'S NATIVITY,

And of the Angelic Appearances Heralding the Coming of

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.

(An advance portion of his *LIFE OF JESUS, THE CHRIST.*)

Exquisitely Illustrated by
HARRY FENN.
Printed on toned paper.
Price, Extra Cloth Gilt, $3.00.

Will be mailed post-paid, on receipt of price, or as a premium for *Three Subscribers* to PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers
39 Park Row, New York.

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE HAS SO INCREASED AND MULTIPLIED ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THAT A WISE AND CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE BEST THINGS IS TRULY A PUBLIC BENEFACTION.—*American Presbyterian, Philadelphia.*

"THE BEST OF ALL OUR ECLECTIC PUBLICATIONS."—*The Nation, New York.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,

O which more than *One Hundred Volumes* have been issued, has received the commendation of Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, Historians Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, and Ticknor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and many others: and it admittedly "continues to stand at the head of its class."

IT IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,

Giving fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than *three thousand* double column octavo pages of reading matter yearly; enabling it to present, with a satisfactory *completeness*, nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information.

Gathered from the entire body of English periodical literature, and from the pens of the *ablest living writers.*

Extracts from recent Notices:

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

"Were I, in view of all the competitors that are now in the field, to choose I should certainly choose THE LIVING AGE. . . . Nor is there, in any library that I know of, so much instructive and entertaining reading in the same number of volumes."

From the Watchman and Reflector, Boston.

"*The Nation* (N. Y.) in saying that THE LIVING AGE is 'the best of all our eclectic publications,' expresses our own views. It is a model which many have attempted to imitate, but by their failure only made its pre-eminent merits more conspicuous."

From The New York Times.

"The taste, judgment, and wise tact displayed in the selection of articles are above all praise, because they have never been equalled."

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"A constant reader of 'Littell' is ever enjoying literary advantages obtainable through no other source."

From the Philadelphia Press.

"THE LIVING AGE continues to stand at the head of its class."

From the Round Table, New York.

"There is no other publication which gives its readers so much of the best quality of the leading English magazines and reviews."

From The Richmond Whig.

"If a man were to read Littell's magazine regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

From The Mobile Advertiser and Register.

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, although ostensibly the most costly of our periodicals, is really one of the cheapest—if not the very cheapest—that can be had, whether the quality or quantity of the literary matter furnished be considered."

From The Illinois State Journal.

"It has more real solid worth, more useful information, than any similar publication we know of. The ablest essays, the most entertaining stories, the finest poetry of the English language, are here gathered together."

From the Pacific, San Francisco.

"Its publication in weekly numbers gives to it a great advantage over its monthly contemporaries in the spirit and freshness of its contents."

From the Chicago Daily Republican.

"LITTELL' LIVING AGE is the oldest, and by far the best, concentration of choice periodical literature printed in this country. It occupies a field filled by no other periodical. The subscriber to *Littell* finds himself in possession, at the end of the year, of four large volumes of such readings as can be obtained in no other form, and comprising selections from every department of sicence, art, philosophy and *belles-lettres.* Those who desire a *thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world*, will be spared the trouble of wading through the sea of reviews and magazines published abroad; for they will find the essence of all compacted and concentrated here."

Published weekly at $8.00 a year, *free of postage.* An extra copy sent gratis to any one getting up a Club of Five New subscribers. Address,

LITTLE & GAY,
30 BROOMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AT CLUB PRICES.

For *Ten Dollars*, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, weekly, containing the cream of Foreign Periodical Literature, and either one of the leading magazines of Home Literature named below, will be sent to one address for one year, viz.:

Harper's Monthly (or *Weekly* or *Bazar*), *The Atlantic Monthly, Putnam's* or *Lippincott's Monthly, The Galaxy*, or *Appleton's Journal* (weekly); or for $8.50, *The Living Age* and *The Riverside Magazine.* Address as above.